The Bellekontaine Republican.

Official Of the City

VOLUME XLIV.

BELLEFONTAINE, LOGAN COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1898.

THE SAWDUST MAN.

A simple sawdust man was he,
A clown with a scarlet vest.
With a story and song and a merry laugh,
With never a thought for the sober half
Of life, you said, when he sang and sent
The long applause through the great witent.

Only a sawdust man, I know,
But a father's heart beat warm,
And his cheeks were flushed with a deeper re
finen forth from the dressing room was led
A beautiful child with golden hair,
Who kissed her hand to the great throng 'here
The child of a sawdust man—ah, me!
But a sawdust man—an love, maybe.

MME. JAMBE.

You smile at her name, finding it ab-

urd perhaps, but Mme, Jambe-Mother

Jambe, the soldiers called her-was for

many years cantiniere in a regiment of the line, and in this capacity she was a

sort of good angel to the troops. Officers and soldiers alike all respected her. She married when about 30 years of

But the husband and father died sud

rom the outer world and made con

help his wife keep the canteen.

NUMBER 104.

THE BEST

.25 1.60 Meat Cutters (60 lbs per Hour) 2.00 Meat Cutters (120 lbs per Hour) Meat Cutters (180 lbs per Hour) 2 50 Butcher Knives, 10, 15, 20, and .25 - 10, 15, 20, and ,25 Chopping Axes - 45, 65, and .75 Chopping Axes Handled, 49 to .85

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\ Consistent with good work, and our work is not excelled anywhere. Call on us and we will show you a line of goods that will be sure to please you.

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The Leading Merchant Tailors.

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You should call and inspect our stock, from the author, trov. Tile it is full and complete. Montana. Mr. West mad

quaintance of Gov. Langford was with the Hayden surve sent him his recent work as brance of old times, and for membrance by Mr. West to some twenty years ago, and ernor's great benefit.

Mrs. Estelle Campbell, Mi, kinson, Miss Kumler and M Campbell returned Tues training camp fire at the 11EST om Payton and other points, t

to arrange for part of it. To relie otto. See us before you buy.

ennul and monotony of the Hon, the Women's Relief Corps of the Boston Clothing Co. DHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Special atten-tion given to diseases of the eye and fitting glasses. 120 North Main street, Bellefon-ine, Ohlo.

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All Business promptly at-

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here, 10c to \$150 yard. Send also for samples of the remarkable Dress Goods at

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— 42 to 52 inches wide—ten dif-ferent choice dressy styles includ-ing Camel Hair checks, Boucle effects, silk and wool Novelties and Cheviots that will be appreciated for new dressy midwinter

If you haven't yet received our 250 page illustrated catalogue, send your name and address.

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-AND-

arries a full line of GROCERIES, DRUG and PATENT MEDICINES. About 300 pair of Men's, Ladies' and Children's

unication a matter of great difficulty. Shoes to be closed out at cost Suddenly, toward the end of January, he rumor spread that the army of the east was approaching, having failed to relieve Belfort. For nearly a week Mere Jambe kept a strict watch day and

night, scanning eagerly the road by which she hoped to see the French ar-

Bermans were signaled, too, from the opposite direction, and it seemed evident that the armies would encounter

up the story, for what follows I had "One morning at dawn I heard

noise at the door of the cottage and then the sound of breaking glass. I rose astily and ran down to the entrance. I gave a cry; my boy was there, and behind him stood three of his comrades, out in what a state-haggard, hollow cheeked, their uniforms in rags, their boots almost in pieces, blue and shiver-

ing with cold!
"'Mother, you must hide us,' he said.
The general has intrusted me with a 20 Head Fine Feeding Horses essage to the commandant of the fort, n pursuit. They must not find us." "'Give me your order,' I cried. 'I will take it while you hide here. No

one will suspect a woman'—
"I had no time to finish. We heard a lischarge of musketry, and a neighbo rushed in crying:

Terms made known on day of sale. Sale to begin at one o'clock p. m , rain " 'The Prussians! The Prussians ar "I pushed my son and his friends in-

o a storeroom at the farther end of which, under some hay, was the door eading into the cellar, where I kept my little stock of wine and cider. "The Prussians entered in through the open door. I saw others in the road.

There must have been about 100 of them altogether. A young officer was in ommand. "He came up to me and said brutal

" 'Yes, I am she,' I answered him. "Your son has just entered this

" 'My son! He is far away from here, Executor's Notice of Appointlways supposing that he is still alive. "He is here; I am sure of it. Come, ow, where is he?' " 'You must seek him, then.'

"He made a sign, and I was sur ounded and prevented from moving my osition. The soldiers ransacked the ouse, I asking myself meanwhile who could be the coward who had betrayed "At last the brutes found him-him

and his friends, and I saw them dragged out covered with the hay in which they had attempted to conceal themselves. And my son! How brave and handsome He was my own flesh and blood, and I felt proud of him. They were rigorousy searched for the message they were supposed to bear, but as it was a verbal one they could find nothing.

room, mad with rage. Glancing at the prisoners, he oried: " 'Is your son among them?'

" 'He is not, and if he were I would ot confess it. "He drew his sword on me, and then we were all dragged out into the roadway, the officer shouting:
"'Where is the man who gave us the

"'One of his companions has just killed him, 'a Prussian sergeant replied, pointing to a corpse, which I had not seen, hidden as it was behind a bush. "The traitor was a franc-tireur, who o save his own life, had given up my son to the enemy. His punishme

not been long delayed.
"'The murderer will be shot!' cried the officer. Then, looking flercely at a group of villagers who were cowering der his men's bayonets, he continued " 'Some one among you knows the man Jambe; point him out to me or I will order my men to fire on you!" "Ab, they were brave, my neighbors!

With tender hands they bore her out.
And gently laid her dewn.
So white was the brow 'neath the golden hair,
But the sawdnst man must stay out there,
For a merry song must yet be sung.
Though the heart be crushed and the harp unstrong. They made no reply. ave an order in a low voice. His men strung.

He was only a sawdust man—ah, me!

But a sawdust man can love, maybe.

—Harvey M. Barr in Nashville Banner. inned me with my back against a wall nd placed rifles in the hands of my on and his comrades.

"And the officer said: " 'On the word of command you will fire and kill that woman. If you dis-

bey it will be your turn next.'
"A cry of horror ran through the crowd, followed by a dead silence. Iwell, I offered my soul to the bon Dieu, telling myself that I must try to show bow a Frenchwoman could die if need be, and I waited, watching my son. "But he did not seem to see me. His eyes were turned to his comrades. They med to be making signs to one anoth-

age the quartermaster general of the regiment. His time was nearly up, but he remained with the colors in order to thundered.
" 'Present!' And they obeyed, cover-

After a year of married life a son was born, and Mme. Jambe and her ing me with their rifles.
"'Fire!' They turned suddenly to was born, and agreed that as soon as he should attain the proper age he, too, should be a soldier. At the age of 16 he passed into the ranks, and, being smart the right about An explosion followed and four Prussians, the officer among the number, fell. And above the roar of the discharge I heard my boy's voice and intelligent, he seemed to have a clearly:
"'Fire! Yes, but on you, you cow-

denly in 1869. It was a terrible shock to poor Mme. Jambe, and she would Prussians followed, and I fell with a bullet in my shoulder. Before I lost ardly have survived it were it not for

the thought of her son and the hope that he would be a comfort to her in ensciousness, however, I saw that my her declining years. Sorrow aged her more than her rough life had done, and she left the service cyl settled in a lit-tle cottage left her by her parents in the village of Clusy, near Pontarliers. A year later war broke out, and this on was still unhurt. "I learned afterward that just at this rom the Frussians' helmets, and concluding-none too soon-that something was another sorrow for her to bear.

untoward was taking place he sent a few shells into the crowd and rapidly dispersed the enemy." She was a patriot, was Mme. Jambe, she hardly slept for three consecutive hours in the 24. Always on the alert for news, she chafed sorely at the snow, which almost cut off her little village nearly as I can in her own words took blace. Her story was recalled to my mind the other day on hearing that the on of this brave woman had just been promoted to the command of the regi-

Medicinal Virtues of Golf. Golf can be played all the year, inde endently of atmospheric vicissitudes, uring all the seven ages of man, by delicate young girls as well as by strong whose declining powers do not admit of evere exertion. It combines exercise asure and fresh air without risk

of injury to heart, lungs or nervous sys-tem, as is the case in certain other exer-cises in which there is high blood pres-sure and arterial tension. There is abso-lutely no danger attached to the game and consequently no accidents ensue.

The obesity and degeneration of middle age, when the biceps have diminished and one's energy is failing, may be belped by devotion to golf. It is pre-emiently in functional nervous diseas hat our great Anglo-Saxon game is t be recommended. No exercise or recreation is better fitted for the mentally overworked, the hysterical, the melan-cholic. None so helps to preserve the concerted action of eye, brain and mus-cle known as the psychological moment. None, perhaps with the exception of swimming, gives one so good an appe tite. There is not a more sovereign ren edy for dyspepsia, and as to insomnia, such a thing scarcely exists among the devotees of golf.—International Medical

To prevent the engines of a vess above the water, Signor E. Putalo has nvented an electrical regulator. The ontrivance, according to Industries and Iron, consists of two vessels of mer cury, connected at the bottom by a tube and mounted fore and aft in the ship. The vessels are about half full at nor mal depth. When the ship pushes forward so as to raise the screw, the rods connected with the resistance are subnerged one after the other, so that an electro magnet is brought into play, the whole resistance being short circuited when the screw is quite out of the water. The electro magnet operates a throttle valve in the main steampipe, which is thrown open by another magnet. By this arrangement the steam is turned off and on. From experiments it has been shown that the mercury vessels need not be more than 34 inches apart on a ship 300 feet long.

Perhaps he repented, perhaps he did t only for fun. Said he, "My darling Ethel, what would you say if I were to tell you that I cannot marry you?" "I would say, my dearest love, that

"But, you know, I haven't said it." "I know you haven't, my pet."
"So we'd better get married, hadn't

THE WHISTLING BOY.

is there a sound in the world so sweet on a dark and dreary morn.
When the gloom without meets the gloom within, till we wish we'd not been born.
As the sound of a little barefoot boy gayly whistling in the rain.
While he drives the cows to pastures green down the path in the muddy lane?

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not dampened by autumn rain.

His clothes and his hands and his sturdy feet are not spoiled by grime or stain.

The world to him is a wonderful place that he means some day to explore.

If there's time to play and plenty to eat, who cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cheery trill of a heart as fresh as the drops that clear the air.

Brings a smile to our lips and clears the soul of the gloom that brooded there.

And we bless the boy as he spat along through rivers of rain and mud.

For the hope and cheer in that whistled note would rainbow the sky in a flood.

—Cella S. Berkstresser in Ladies' Home Journal.

"There are some advantages," said Ronald meditatively, "in being a cous

He addressed Angelica, who sat op

posite him. All about them was de

blue serenity—on one hand stretchins

of greenish brown rocks, with ragge

hands were thrust into the pockets of a

away distantly into long shining man

in, after all."

over an uneasy, rufiled sea.
"Why don't you row faster? We shall never get home!" she exclaimed

CAUGHT IN A STORM

in the distance, now dying away, I cliffs towering above them. Angelica's

"But we're out in an open boat, miles from home or shelter of any kind?"
"I am aware of that."

"But, on the whole, Angelica," add ed Ronald deliberately, "I regret that I am in any way related to or connected

it m-much it, Ronald?"

"I think it's a great deal, but I see you are the same as ever. You always were a greedy little boy," said An-

were rather nicer as a little girl than you are now—in some ways—oh, you could till be nice if you tried!" "If I tried! How funny! I shouldn't know—you see most people think"-she regarded her shoes inquiringly.

"I dare say, but I am not 'most peo-ple.' I stand alone." "I thought you were sitting down," was provoking today. "And I wasn't aware that you were alone, but perhaps

rother—in that capacity extreme seful. Of course that is somethin

"My dear, that's the worst of it. You int, and there's no one else in the world who does. I just worship you, Nan! Have I startled you?"

"Not at all," she answered politely. "You see, they all say that, or some-thing equivalent." She turned her head a little and dabbled in the water with

"Oh, yes, I know! Of course, I'm a presumptuous fool. All the same I have thought lately"— He paused and then added, "Do you remember last week,

you, Ronald—I very seriously considered fulling in love with you. There is a yacht quite close to us," she added hastily. "I considered, and after due delib-

"Not to fall in love with any one at

"Ronald, if you don't row, how can steer? We don't want to be swamped. ove is so inconvenient."

"You're pulling the wrong rope. "Well, it doesn't always go

"But is it not worth more than-othwhat irrelevantly, "have you any ides of the price of a Paris bat?"

"The left rope again. Ah, now we're safe! A Paris hat? I—well, I have heard that they're something ridicu-

That fact alone, "said Angelica sole ly, "is enough to make any thought of "Except for any one with a heart,

"They are - absolutely ridiculous

with a soul, composed in fact of any-thing but shallowness and vanity!"
"My dear boy, if you go on," she said encouragingly, "you will in time make the most accomplished flatterer of

ing to you perhaps, but to me it's everything. I love you. If you knew what the word meant," he burst out vehemently, "you could not sit there coolly breaking my heart in your hands."

I'm wicked (penitently). I oughtn't to be here with you at all when I'm going o marry some one else." "You're going to -. Nan, is this

"Mr. Rathbone," said Angelica droop

"How do you know that?" curtly. "Oh, Ronald, don't be so

"Well, he's a consummate fool," Ronald savagely. "And, moreover, he could not po

"Thanks once more."

"Or any one else except himself; but, of course, I see that he has advantages. Oh, don't trouble to explain what they are! I see them. How pleased every

one will be, especially mamma! It will all be quite delightful."

"There was a silence. The sun had dis appeared and the blue sky had to

"No," shortly. "I felt a drop of rain. Are we far

"Yes; about three miles."
"Oh, dear! Are we? Why don't you turn quickly, then? Don't you see it's going to be wet?"
"I thought you were steering,"

He gave a swift stroke or two, and they swung round. There were angry masses of clouds drifting toward them

petulantly.

"The tide is strong and the wind is against us. I'm doing my best."

"Ronald, what was that? Ob, don't say it's lightning! I'm more afraid of it than anything in the world. Oh,

provoking reefer coat, her hat was tilted a little forward and the breeze darted in a among her curls, tossing them merrily about her face. She was a di-

minutive person in all respects save two, which two were particularly large, brilliant, languishing and in every way She gave a pathetic little gulp and pressed her hands together.

"Oh—h! There's another flash! Ronald, I—I'm going to faint!"

"Faint? Nonsense!" he returned

"Nonsense? What do you mean, Mr. Grant? How dare you? I suppose I have a right to faint if I choose? I—ah!"

Crash, rattle, rattle, baug! O-r-a-c-k!

"Put that over you," said Ronald sternly, wrapping her in his mackintosh with you."
"Ronald," she exclaimed, "I really cannot allow you to be so flattering."

"A cousin is a nondescript, variable sort of being—at times an absolute stranger, at others a sort of secondhance.

lessly.

"Oh, how can you be so heartless and cruel?" she moaned. "You don't care how much I suffer! Men are always like that"—

"And women never, of course," pas

punish me!" A vivid gleam shot up the heavens and something seemed to burst over their heads. "Oh, Ronald, (in a frenzy of terror) save me, save me!
Oh, let us die together! I love you, oh,
you know I do! Don't look at me so
cold! Forgive me, ch, forgive me, Ronald!" Angelion hid her face in the
cushions and sobbed.

"I can better bear to die with you, dear, than to live without you," mid Ronald tenderly. There was a suspicious twitching about his mouth, but he mastered himself heroically, and is

did not become a smile.

A silence followed. The thunder rolled and tumbled far away to the west, and presently there was a gleam more brilliant than any before.

"The sun!" She started up in conster-nation. "It can't be, Ronald (indig-nantly). Do you mean to tell me the

"What's that awful light?" moan

torm is over? "I think it's passed by. You seem annoyed. Aren't you glad we're out of danger?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Only I thought
—(haughtily) perhaps now, Mr. Grant,
you will take me home?"
"Yes, I'll take you home, Nan.
They'll be surprised, won't they, at our

gasped Angelica.
"I think you know." There was no
mistake about his smile now.
"Ronald," she said pathetically,

"now you're not going to be tiresome?"

"Nan," he answered gravely, "I do hope not. But of course a lifetime is a "You know it was only because I was frightened. It's a mean advantage—it's ungentlemanly"—her voice died

away weakly.

Ronald (provokingly) — Are you quite sure you didn't mean all you Angelica (tearfully)—It's so absurd! Mamma will be so angry.—Mary Mac-lean in Madame.

It has been denied that German offi-ers took part in the actual fighting in the Greco-Turkish war, so it is well to point out that there are two allusions in a book, "The Greco-Turkish War of 1897," to their action, and a quotation 1897," to their action, and a quotation from "an account written by Grumb-kow Pasha, Prussian artillery instructor to the Ottoman army," who "had been sent to the army to supervise the armament and ammunition," but "without holding any definite command." General von Grumbkow on April 25 commanded the eral von Grumbkow on April 25 commanded the ten squadrons of cavalry and the horse artillery battery which started for Larissa, and, after he had been re-enforced, the three regiments of cavalry which entered that town. It is a curious fact related by the German officer in question that he set a Greek against the wall with the intention of shooting him and was prevented from doing so by Turkish orders.—Athenseum.

"That there city husband of Min-nie's," said the innocent old man with the vaudeville whiskers, "is one of the pleasantest fellers goin. Why, I hadn't been settin chattin in his office with 'im more'n a quarter hour 'fore he told me

And you are without warm

ROOFING

We've a special lot of choice all wool Zibeline Plaids, 46 inches wide,

Only a sawdust man abod by
And saw with a throbbing heart
A slender form drawn high above
The human sen, but a father's love
Must wear the mask of a merry air,
But his eyes no'er teft the golden hair;
And his heart stood still when she
est in every home where this anBut only a sawdust man abod by
And saw with a throbbing heart
The human sen, but a father's love
Must wear the mask of a merry air,
But his eyes no'er teft the golden hair;
And his heart stood still when she
est in every home where this anity will show they're half price— and prove the offering to be of inter-est in every home where this an-

-blue, green, garnet, etc.,-not bright, but color enough to give them good tone-styles that will be approved by all people of taste.

All wool-46 inches wide-35c yard-half price.

Over a hundred styles Plaids here the to \$150 yard

but she was a mother also. GROCERY STORE,

REA'S STORE,

At Kelly's Barn, WEST LIBERTY, OHIO,

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THIRD

Which will surpass those sold at former sales in every particular. They will be young draft horses ranging in sge from 3 to 5 years, and weighing 1 300 to 1,600 pounds. They will be the best that can be purchased in the State of Iowa, and all Farmers and Horsemen should be in attendance at this sale.

JOHN HICKS, Of Charles City, Iowa. O P. TAYLOR, Auctioneer. Dec. 23, 1838-3t. CITY

Marshal's Proclamation Let all persons take notice that hereafter any one found or suspected of throwing any refuse of any kind whatever into the streets or alleys within the corporate limits of the city of Bellefontaine, Ohio, and allowing the same to remain there for any perold of time whatsoever will be arrested and prosecuted for a misdemeanor under State and municipal law JOHN KERNAN, Marshal.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as executor of the will of Jane Williams, late of Logan county, Ohio, deceased.

PHILIP M. SMITH,

Dec. 23, 1858 St x^o

Executor.

fremain's Insurance Agency

7ire, Lightning, Tornadoes

W. C. TREMAIN, Agent.

"The officer stamped about the little

he looked, with his flashing eyes! Yes! George, dear.'

I have a big brother who would make it warm for you and that I have some of the sweetest little billets doux that would make it expensive for you,

How do I know?

This was convincing.